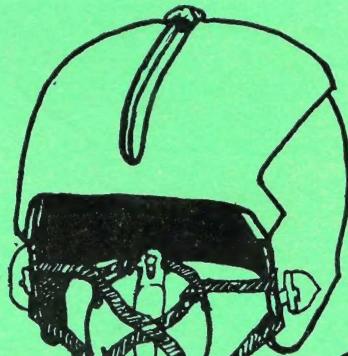


DIRTY



DIRTY

Here's the world's greatest
Lover standing out under
the STARS... It's a
beautiful night.



-1-

Somewhere off in the distance
is the low rumble of artillery
fire. As he looks at the sky,
he thinks of his wife at home
and wonders if she's looking
at the same sky... and he
is sad.....



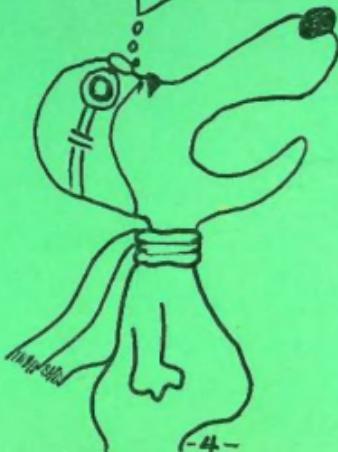
-2-

Slowly he walks back across
the darkened Air Base, and
then the thought that throbs
so constantly in his mind
cries out.....



-3-

I'M HORNEY!



-4-

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A Babbling Brook

A babbling brook, a shady nook a girl all
dressed in yellow

Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, oh you
lucky fellow

Between the hours of two and four when he
began to linger

She said, "Young man if you are through,
I'll finish with my finger,"

So he got up and took a piss, and she got
up and farted

He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that
is how they parted.

Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh,
a sigh of pain and sorrow

The pimples pink were on his dink but there'll
be more tomorrow

Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh,
a sigh of pain and sorrow

Two little mutts were in her guts but
they'll be out tomorrow.

Bang It Into Lulu

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girls work in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores.

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
Band it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a Pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger
Cr Lulu's littie hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby

She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim.

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was suckin' off a tiger
through a barbed wire fence.

Battle Hymn

We fly our f _____ Phantoms at 10,000 f _____ feet
We fly our f _____ Phantoms, thru the rain _____
and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying South
We're flying f _____ North
And we make our f _____ landfall
On th firth of f _____ forth.

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
(Insert last line of each verse)

We fly those f _____ Phantoms at f _____ all
1,000 feet
We fly those f _____ Phantoms, through the
trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with f _____ luck
But we don't five a f _____ damn or care
a f _____ f _____.

We fly those f _____ Phantoms at 10,000
f _____ feet
We fly those f _____ Phantoms, through the
rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up,
We're flying f _____ down
And we bust our f _____ asses when we hit
the f _____ ground.

Oh, It's Beer Beer Beer

Oh it's beer, beer beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force.

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I connot see
I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey.
Gin - That makes you want to sin
Vodka - That makes oughta.
Sautorn - Than makes your belly burn.
Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth.
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'.
Wine - That makes you feel so fine.
Rum - That makes you feel so dumb.
Rye - That makes you feel so shy.
Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy.
Likkor - That makes you ever sicker.
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy.
Water - That makes you feel you oughter.
Chartreuse - That makes you morals loose.

Bloody Great Wheel

A pilot told me before he died
And I don't think the bastard lied
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls and a prick made of steel
The two brass balls were filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last that maiden cried
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit
there was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

British Grenadiers

Some die of diabetes, and some of diarrhoea,
Some die of drinking whisky and some of
drinking beer
But of all the world's diseases there's none
that can compare,
With the drip, drip, drip, from the end of
your prick
Of the British Gonorrhea.

Brown Anchor

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four
For briefing I weren't there
"Get your ass here right away
You've been elected spare."

"Oh Brown Anchor"
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I was setting by the runway
And feeling mighty low
"Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak
I guess I'll have to go!"

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I guess I told a little lie
It probably wasn't fair
It was my only chance to say,
"Bear spare is in the air."

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

It was raining out when we took off
Night weather we did fly
We rendezvous at nineteen thou
My tank were nearly dry

On Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

As we climbed out I had to fart
My belly it did swell
I had to put my mask back on
I couldn't stand the smell

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles
You're cleared refueling freq
"Tally-ho" our flight leader cried
And head'on we did meet.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

We hung out at 14 thou
The burner going strong
The flak came flying by my bow
We can't hang out here long.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Oh I pulled off the target
And for B.D.A. looked back
I couldn't see the bomb burst
For the son-of-a-bitchen' flak

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Finally got my hundred flown
To the states I'm flying back
6 more hours on my ass
And then into the sack

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage
My wife she sure did flip
I hope that she will understand
I just adopted "Nip"

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast

I rolled over with a sigh
Bed springs were sagging low
Put a mark upon the wall
Only 99 to go.

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

Though I had a Bravo frag
As I jumped into
It was a real tight target
So I marked it up in red

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fas^t.

Brown, Brown

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass
Up went the sindow and out went her ass.

Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit falling down
Brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit falling down
The whole world was covered with shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy
When a piece of brown shit, hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper, he cussed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And under a bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit."

Bye Bye Blackbird

Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies Phantoms
Then he took off all her clothes
An her shoes, and her hose
He flies Phantoms
He took her where nobody else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a-ling
Phantoms, I fly.

Cats On The Rooftops

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles,
Cats with their ass holes wreathed in rosy smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the hippopotamus so it seems
Seldom ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The donkey is a funny bloke
He seldom ever takes a poke
But when he does he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation

If you wake up in the morning with a belly full of joy
Your wife has the monthly and your daughter's
looking coy
Then you jam it up the ass of your eldest boy,
And you revel in the joys of copulation.

But if you wake up in the morning with a hard
cock stand,
And you've got that funny feeling in your seminary
gland,
Then by Mackeral, you use your hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

Cruising Over Hanoi

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin gour and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you help me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader,
Please don't make another pass.

Chorus: Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right,
When a "SAM" came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddam plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

CHORUS

I started my recovery.
It seemed things were all right.
When I felt the damndest impact,
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the finding force.
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four, you've had the course!"

CHORUS

I screamed at my back seater,
"we'd better punch on out -
Eject, eject, you stupid shit!
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word.
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

CHORUS

As I descended in my chute,
My thoughts were rather grim.
Rather than to be a prisoner

I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see
And there in blazing neon,
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

CHORUS

(SLOWLY)

The moral of this story is
When you're in package six,
You'd better goddam look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great
I'll be here a long - long - time.

CHORUS

Da Nang Lullabye

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that it's really fair.

CHORUS

Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS

They sent our old instructors, to teach us
all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those
dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through
the mach
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a
rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there
was an awful sound

Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting
on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I
was clear

I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought
the end was near

I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me
the works

Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of
jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and
home you go"

I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a
high speed stall

Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all
done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end
was near

Then came this glorious Air Force, to save
me from the worst

Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing
hit the ground

There came a call from the tower, pull up and
go around

I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet
or more

The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came
through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my
babies go

I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a
high speed stall

Now I won't see my mother when the works all
done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said
"Shoshe ack ack"

But by the time I got there, my wings were
holed by flak

My aircraft went into a spin, it would no
longer fly

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was
top line

With my E and E equipment, I made for our
front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what
was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the
thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged
to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin
of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for break-
fast till I die

Each morning we go off to combat
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around the bed.

CHORUS

Dangerous Dan McGrew

(Aussie Version)

A bunch of the boys was whooping it up in the Malemute Saloon
In the brothel next door a French whore was floating like a balloon.
I was standing outside in a snowdrift trying to make up me mind
Whether to get me a skin full of grog or hop in the drum for a grind.

When the swinging doors fly open and I gets me a whiff of the gin
So I tries me cock in a lovers knot and opens the door and walks in;
Now the barroom floor was so crowded you couldn't 'av swung Murphy's cat
And although the women was sexy enough there was hardly room for a fat.

So I shoulders me way to the counter and orders a double of rum
And just to show I'm a regular beau I dates this bird in the bum.
"Get out of it you big bludger", she howled. Christ how the crowd did roar.
"That's no way to treat a lady, you pox ridden son of a whore."

So I buys her a drink and she's happy, I thinks maybe I'll make a pass
Then I gets me a whiff of'er armpit, and I wipes her, just like an ass
Then I picks up me drink and shoulders me way to a table by the pianner
Where the Ragtime Kid keeps playing his tune in his usual up-to-shit manner.

When I takes a quick look round the barroom, & I says to meself, "what a scene"

If the Devil happened in for a quick sing of gin, they'd be up him for bein a queen.

In the middle a couple was dancin', they were stuck together like glue,
If it weren't for the fact they had pants on, you'd swear they was havin' a screw.

The barman's a guy from Missouri, with diamonds all dressed up to kill
One hand's on the cunt of his cutie, and his other big mitt on the till.
Now I guess I'd be what you call tough-like, I've been around in me time,
But this little part of Alaska, just shits me, I tell you she's prime.

There's drinkin & Fuckin & gambling & swearin' and all kinds of vice,
You can saddle the hole of an Indian boy, just by a roll of the dice.
But one thing stands out like a shit-house, in this cesspool of cunt,
rum & spew

As she stands there by the pianner, the lady that's known as Lou

I wish I had words to describe her in poetic words and of rhyme
As she stands there gracefully sweeping the flies off her twat with a fan.
I'd give pay dirt just to be up her, but I know I'm not in the race
I'd gulp the air like a drowning steer if she'd only fart in me face.

Then all of a sudden it happened, like lightening right out of the blue,
As the swinging doors flew open, and there stands Dan McGrew.
The silence was grim and forebodin', you could have heard a mouse squeak,
And before I knew I'd begun it, I found meself takin a leak.

I say it was grim and forebodin', like nothin what I've heard before
And I've had a close shave, when an Indian brave caught me fuckin his
squaw.

"I've come to shoot you Lou", sez Dan, "and I'm goin' to shoot you quick
And after I've shot you cold with me gun, I'll fuck you hot with me prick.

"Stick your gur up your bum, you big country hick, say Lou and her
voice was like ice"

"If a cow sucked you off in a famine, you'd be two fuckin mean to come
twice".

I'll not take that from a woman, says Dan, and his hand to his holster
flew,
And no man could draw a gun faster, than Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There were two shots, a scream & a deathly hush & the Ragtime Kid made
for the door

But I couldn't take me gaze from the shape of the ass that lay on the
barroom floor.

It was Dangerous Dan who lay there, as stiff as a weddin' prick
While out through the door and into the snow ran the Kid, like a
clappy dick.

Now you ask me who shot Dan McGrew but I've gotta keep true to a vow
For Dangerous Dan used to fuck Lou but It's me who's fucking her now.
And if you should come to Alaska and pass by Malemute
You'll find me there in the bar drinking, or next door having a root.

Now this is the end of me story, & I'll tell you, so help me, it's true
And bugger me promise and also me vow, and fuck Dangerous Dan McGrew.

Dark And Dreamy Eyes

A few old whores of Portsmith town,
Were drinking Spanish wine,
The gist of the conversation was,
"Is your cunt bigger than mine."

Then up there spake the fisherman's wife,
And she was dressed in black,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a fishing smack,
She had a fishing smack, my boys
The sodlings and the dabs,
And in the other corner
She'd a shocking dose of crabs.

CHORUS: She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
And a Whizz-bang up her jacksay,
She was one of the flash-eyed whores,
One of the old brigade.

Then up there spake the brewer's wife,
And she was dressed in grey,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a brewer's dray,
She had the brewer's dray, my boys,
A thing just like a truck.
And in the other corner,
She'd the remains of last night's fuck,

Then up there spake the sailor's wife,
And she was dressed in blue,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a life-boat's crew,
She had a life-boat's crew, my boys,
The rowlocks and the oars.
And in the other corner,
The Marines were forming fours.

Then up there spake the cricketer's wife,
And she was dressed in vermillion,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Loards Pavilion,
She had the Lords Pavilion, boys
A social sort of joint,
And in the other corner,
There was Hobbs at cover point.

Then up there spake the barman's wife,
And she was dressed in yellow,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the whole wine cellar,
She had the whole wine cellar, boys,
With barrels full of beer.

Dark And Dreamy Eyes

And in the other corner,
She had Pox and Gonorrhea.

Then up there spake the airmen's wife,
And she was dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had Handly-Page,
She had Handly-Page, my boys,
With a joy stick and its knob,
And in the other corner,
Were two airmen on the job.

Then up there spake the actor's wife,
Who was also dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Windmill stage,
She had the Windmill stage, my boys,
The gallery and the stalls,
And in the other corner
She had C.B. Cochrane's balls.

And then up spake the pilot's wife,
And she was dressed in chrome,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the aerodrome,
She had the aerodrome, my boys,
The bombers and the troops,
And in the other corner
There Wimpys Looping loops.

Then up there spake the ops room girl,
She was a little WAAF,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Ops room staff,
She had the Ops room staff, my boys,
All fucking there like hell,
And in the other corner,
She'd had the signals staff as well.

And then up spake the telephone girl
And she was dressed very strange,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a camp exchange,
She had a camp exchange, my boys,
The wires and all the switches,
And in the other corner,
The CO'd left his britches.

Doodle-Lee-Do

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
I like the rest, but the part I like best
Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it
I love it so, whereever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers
What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo
I would suggest that they should undress
And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Cherries are red, ready for plucking
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for high school
I love it so whereever I go
I doodle-lee-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
Don't know what, what you were doing
Someone said you were doodle-lee-dooing
I love it so, whereever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
She made a hit just playing her bit
In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Twenty-four hours, that's all there was to it
How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it
She got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Don't Send Me To Hanoi

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac 'Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.

It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

Down In The Valley

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,
All in white, all in white, my God, her cunt was tight,
Down in the valley, where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,
All in brown, all in brown, I took her nickers down,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,
All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,
All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,
All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in black,
All in black, all in black, boards nailed across
her crack,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

Father's Grave

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
They're digging it up regardless of expense,
They're shifting his remains,
To put in ten inch drains,
To take away the shit from residents.

Gor, Blimey

What's the use of having a religion,
If when you die your troubles never cease,
All because some big nosed twit
Wants a pipe line for his shit,
Why won't they let the poor guy rest in peace.
Gor, Blimey

But father in his life was na'er a quitter,
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
And when the job's complete
He'll haunt the shit'house seat,
And only let them shit when he'll allow.
Gor, Blimey
Won't there be some fucking constipation,
And won't those shit-bound bastards rant and rave,
But they'll get what they deserve
For havin' the bieeding nerve,
To fuck about with a British workman's grave.

Fisherman Song

Oh fisherman, fisherman, I know you very well,
Have you any seacrabs you would like to sell?

CHORUS: Singing dingle-eye, dingle-eye, dee.

So I grabbed that seacrab by the back bone,
And I lugged and I tugged and I pulled the bastard home.CHORUS

Well wife, dear wife, just try to fart,
And you'll blow that seacrab all apart. CHORUS

Well she tried and she tried but she couldn't fart a bit,
And she filled that seashell's face full of shit

Now, mother with the poker and I with the broom,
We chased that gosab all around the room. CHORUS

Now, that's my story and there is no more,
There's an apple in the barrel and you can have the same.

Fighter Pilots

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh that place is full of queers, navigators,
 bombardiers

But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers
 out of whores

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot
 at every day

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons,
 fancy clothes

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
On the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in
 the john

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round
 on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase
 the population

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty, but it's nice

Oh look at the 388th in the club
Oh look at the 388th in the club
They don't party, they won't sing,
 355th does everything
Oh look at the 388th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he
 does is flub his dud
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Foggy, Foggy Dew

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone
I work at the weaver's trade
and the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time
part of the winter too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep,
This pretty, pretty maid
Knelt by my bedside
And there she began to weep.
She wept, she cried
She damn near died
Alas, what could I do
So I took her into bed
And covered up her head
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year has gone by
Still a bachelor am I.
And I work at the weaver's trade
Comes a-knocking at my door
It's a voice I've heard before,
It's the voice of the fair young maid.
She handed me a little one
She said, "What can I do"?
So I took him into bed
Just to cover up his head
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every, every time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time,
Part of the summer too.
Of the many, many times that I gazed into her eyes
to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Frigging In The Rigging

Board the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
And the mast a rampant penis

Chorus:

Friggin in the riggin, friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin, There's fuck all else
to do.

The captain of his ligger
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan
By God he was a gorgon,
Ten times a day he used to play
Upon his sexual organ

The Second Mate's name was Andy
He was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum
For coming in the brandy

The Midshipman's name was Nipper
He was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass
to circumcise the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mable
When ever she was able
She'd fornicate with the Second Mate
Upon the gallery table

The Captain had a daughter
Who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

Funicule, Funicula

Last nite, I stayed up late, to masterbate
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last I stayed up late, to beat my meat
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand, I use my hand
You must really catch me on the long strokes
It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door
Some people seem to think that F _____ grand
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

Gonna Tie My Peter To A Tree

I fucked her standing, I fucked her lying
If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree, to a tree
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree.

I awcke in the morning and guess what I saw
Fifteen chancers and a big blue ball
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree, to a tree
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree.

I went to a doctor because my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you have been taken by a whore
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree, to a tree
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree.

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man
I fuckem with my finger and foolem when I can
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree, to a tree
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree.

Now the last time I saw her and I haven't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie thru a barb wire fence
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree, to a tree
Gonna tie my Peter to a tree.

Here's To The Regular Air Force

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the fucking reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists, they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan.

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the fucking reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on:
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on.

Hi Jiggy Jiggy

(Chorus)

Hi jiggy jiggy, fuck-a-little-piggy sideways.

HUNCH! HUNCH!

My idea of a lady is a big fat whore,

FUCK STICK!

SHIT BANG!

Ten dollars you pay, for a bang up each way,

And a tune on a Spanish guitar.

Plink - plink - plink.

Horse Shit

There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town--
Fucked a girl from our town--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
and then he twisted out her maidenhead,
Twisted out her maidenhead--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
and-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--
Shoved it in clear up to there--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
and-then-he missed her cunt and split
the stump--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
and-then-he fucked her with his magic wand,
fucked her with his magic wand--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
and-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,
Shoved the old boy up her ass--
Ha Ha Ha. Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
and-then-he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
and-then-he thought he'd have another round,
Thought he'd have another round,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

I Love My Girl

I love my gal, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses thru
I love her ruby red lips,
Her lilly white tits
The hairs around her ass hole
I'd eat her shit, chomp, chomp,
Gobble, Gobble with a wooden spoon.

I Used To Work In Chicago

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't
any more
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she wanted
Felt she said, so felt her I did
I did, but I don't work there any more.

Cake-layer

Lamp-Floor

Food-Pet

Birds-Love

Glue-Paste

Scarf-Neck

Cream-Massage

Girdle-Rubber

Razor-Injector

I Wanted Wings

(S.E.A. Version)

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school.
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.
I wanted wings.
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches.
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed me procupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's rai"ing.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

I Wanted Wings

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dressed us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there.

Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over,
They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well
They can split-S down to Hell,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings.
And they will wear them evermore.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety Two

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety Two
A Diego from I Tal' y
Roamed the streets of old Madrid
and pissed in every alley.
All night long, From midnight on.

He went before the Queen of Spain
And asked for ships and cargo.
He said I'll kiss your royal ass
If I don't bring back Chicago.
All night long. From midnight on.

Three ships sailed out from Spain
One day - the lead ship's name was Venus.
The figurehead was a whore in bed and the
mast was an upright penis.
All night long. From midnight on.

Three ships sailed out from Spain one day
One was a double decker.
The queen she waved her handkerchief
Colombo waved his pecker.
All night long. From midnight on.

Colombo had a cabin boy
His name was Jackie Cooper
and all night long by the pale moonlight
he'd shove it up his pooper.
All night long. From midnight on.

That cabin boy, that cabin boy
That dirty little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass
and circumcised the skipper.
All night long. From midnight on.

For 40 days and 40 nights they sailed the broad Atlantic.
Once on the shore they spied a whore and the whole
damned crew got frantic.
All night long. From midnight on.

He screwed her once, he screwed her twice
He screwed her once too often.
He broke the main spring in her ass
and now she's in her coffin.
All night long. From midnight on.

In Mobile

There's a shortage of whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
But there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot-holes in the floors, in Mobile.

There's a blockage in the bogs, in Mobile, (3 times)
It's a habit of the working classes,
When they've finished with their glasses,
They just stuff them up their arses, in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead, in Mobile (3 times)
But the children must be fed,
So we'll milk the bull instead, in Mobile.

Oh, the eagles they fly high, in Mobile (3 times)
And they shit 'right in your eye
So thank God the cows don't fly, in Mobile.

Oh, the negroes they grow tall, in Mobile (3 times)
But they shoot them in the fall,
And they eat 'em balls and all, in Mobile.

Oh, the parson he has come, in Mobile (3 times)
With his words of kingdom come,
He can stuff 'em up his bum, in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good beer, in Mobile (3 times)
And they give us damn good cheer,
Oh, thank Good that we are here, in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah, in Mobile, (3 times)
For a fuck there is no finer,
'Cause she's got the best Vagina, in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny, in Mobile, (3 times)
And his instinct is uncanny
When he's fingering a fanny, in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town, in Mobile, (3 times)
Where for half a fucking crown
"You can fuck 'em upside down."

Oh, the girls all wear tin pants, in Mobile (3 times)
But they take them off to dance
Just to give the boys a chance, in Mobile

There's excess of copulation, in Mobile, (3 times)
They relax for stimulation
On mutual masturbation, in Mobile.

The CO is a bugger, in Mobile, (3 times)
And the adj, he is another
So they bugger one another, in Mobile.

Into The Air 69ers

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down
Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's
go down, we'll all go down.

And when we see those bastard Commies
And when we make them shit a pound,
you can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, into the air on your back
"soisante-neuf"

We'll blast those MIGS, 69ers
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when you see those "golf balls" flying
And the flak begins to blast,
You can bet the 68ers
Will bite 'em in the ass!

It Was The Good Ship Venus

It was the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
Her figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast a flaming penis.

CHORUS: Friggin' in the Riggin'
Friggin' in the Riggin'
Friggin' in the Riggin'
There's fuck all else to do.

The first Mate's name was Cosferus
He had a prick of Phosphorus
It was used at nite as a navigation lite
While sailing thru the Bosphorus.

CHORUS

The cabin boy, his name was Roy
My God he was a nipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
and circumcised the Skipper.

CHORUS

The Captain loved the First Mate
He loved him like a brother
And every nite by the binacle lite
They'd cornhole one another.

CHORUS

The Engineer was really queer
He had one single notion
He'd climb the mast, stick out his ass
And piss upon the Bosun.

CHORUS

The Captains daughter Aughter
Fell into the water
The sound of the squeals, denoted eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

CHORUS

The Captains wife was Mable
Unwilling and unable
Those dirty shits - They nailed her tits
To the hardwood galley table.

CHORUS

It's The Poor What Gets The Blame

Life presents a doleful picture,
All is silent as the tomb,
Father has a painful stricture,
Mother has a fallwn womb.

CHORUS: Hits the rich what gets the blessing's
Hits the poor what gets the blam
Hits the same the whole world over
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim.
When she met that Christian gentleman,
And she had a child by him. CHORUS

Now he sits in the House of Parliament,
Making laws for all mankind,
While she walks the streets of London,
Selling chunks of her behind. CHORUS

In a rose embowered cottage,
There was born a child of sin.
The little bastard had no pappy
So she gently did him in. CHORUS

Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest a Greek, was owned by a Shiek
One Abdul Abulbul Amir

A travelling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
T'was to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined
To see harlots entwined
With abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starters gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise
People gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope against the greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his hair
When something red hot up his read track was shot
And Abdul the Bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled "Queen"
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast they were stuck it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke at last they were broke
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul the fool, had left half his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Jolly Jolly England

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high class lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress.
Thursday her chemisey I did see.
Now, Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak,
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up'er,
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor'blimey!
I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high class lady,
I don't want me bollocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly, England,
And fornicate me blooming life away.

Kathusalem

In the days of old there lived a maid
Who often plied a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS: Ki ko Kathusalem the harlot of Jerusalem
Hi ho the daughter of the Rabbi.

Kathusalem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on a thoroughfare
Like the snatch of old kathusalem.

CHORUS

Kathusalem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jerusalem.

CHORUS

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basket balls
The giant of old Jerusalem.

CHORUS

One day he challenged her to fuck
And wishing her good luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook.

CHORUS

This giant of old was underslung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
He knew it when he felt the dung
The dung of old Jerusalem.

CHORUS

Kathuselem she knew her art
She held her breath and let a fart
She blew him like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem.

CHORUS

Kotex Song

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms
How she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around.
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry
Super, Junior, Band Aid
For where ere you go
The blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around.
Keep 'em bleeding!
When the end of the month rolls around.

Little Angeline

She was sweet sixteen
She was the village queen
Pure and innocent
Was Angeline
She had never had a thrill
Was a virgin still
Poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire
The squire was there
Masturbating on the village square.
When he chanced to see
The dainty knee
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat
And he said your cat
Has been riddèn over
And is squashed quite flat
But it isn't too far
And I've got my car
Poor little Angeline.

Now they hadn't gone far
When he stopped the car
And he dragged her in the nearest bar
Where he filled her with gin
To tempt her to sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he filled her quite well
He dragged her to the dell
Where he attempted to give her hell
By trying his luck
At a low down fuck
With Poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape
He raised her cape
Poor little girlie
There was no escape
Unless someone came
To save the name
Of Poor little Angeline.

Little Angeline

Now the blacksmith bold
Had a heart of gold
He'd been her lover
For year's untold
And he promised to be true
And faithful too
Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say
On the very same day
He'd been sent to jail to stay
For coming in his pants
At the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell
Overlooked the dell
Where the squire was giving her hell
And as they lay upon the grass
He recognized the ass
Of Poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot
And he saw what was what
He tied the villians penis in a knot
And as he lay upon his guts
He got a knee kick in the nuts
From Poor little Angeline.

Oh Blacksmith bold
I love you true
And I can tell by your trousers
That you love me too
And as I'm all undressed
You had better do the rest
Said Poor little Angeline.

Now it won't be wrong
To end this song
For the blacksmith's penis
It was one foot long
And his flailing charm
Was thicker than your arm
Lucky little Angeline.

Lupe

Down in cunt valley, where blood river flows,
Where whoremongers flourish and cocksuckers grow,
Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece at the young age of 8
While swinging one day on the old garden gate.
The crossbar went out and the upright went in,
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin.

She'll hug you, she'll fuck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts,
She'll wrap her legs round you and suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs round you till you think you'll die.
OH, I'D RATHER EAT LUPE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE.

Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb,
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb.
And the smile on her face is a mute cry for more,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

Mary Anne Burns

Mary Anne Burns was queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give the cats the shits.
She could blow green peas out her fundamental orifice
Do a somersault and catch them on her tits,
She's a great big son of a bitch, twice the size of me,
She's got hairs on her ass like the branches of a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, roll a barrell, drive a truck,
She's the kind of girl that's going to marry me,
MY BLOODY ASS!

Monk Of Great Renown

There was a Monk of great renown
There was a Monk of great renown
Who boogered all the women in London town
The old sot, that dirty old sot
The bastard deserves to die
Oh shit, let us pray
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia

His brother Monks to stop his frolics
His brother Monks to stop his frolics
Took a great knife and cut off his bellicks
The bastard deserves to die
Oh shit, let us pray
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia

And now deprived of all desire
And now deprived of all desire
He sings soprano in the choir

The old sot, that dirty old sot
The bastard deserves to die
Oh shit, let us pray
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia

My Family

Have you met my Uncle Hector
He's a cock and ball inspector
At a celebrated English public school
And my brother sells French letters,
And a patent cure for wetters
We're not the best of familys, ain't it cruel?

My little sister Lily, is a whore on Piccadilly,
My mother is another on the Strand,
My father hawks his arse-hole
Round the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

There's a gentleman's convenience
A short way down the Strand,
And the Ladies is a little further on,
For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet
But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

My Grandfathers Cock

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his slacks
So it drug ninety years on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man himself
Though it weighted not a pennyweight more
It was found on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his pleasure and pride
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
When the old man died
Ninety years without limbering
What a cock, what a cock!
His pieces of ass numbering
What a cock, what a cock!
But it drooped, wilted never to rise again
When the old man died

No Balls At All!

There once was a girl named Sara McFox,
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.
She married a man named Patrick McCall, with
a very short Peter and no balls at all!

CHORUS: What! No balls at all?
No! No balls at all!
A very short Peter and no balls at all!

The very first night that they were wed,
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed.
She reached for his pecker; it was very small,
She reached for his balls; he had no balls at all!

CHORUS

Now, Mother, dear mother, Oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker; it was very small,
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!

CHORUS

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad;
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call,
of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!

CHORUS

The daughter went home, took the mothers advise,
and found the result most exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
to the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

CHORUS

Ode To A Great Fuckin' Sar Effort

(With apologies to "the Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
('twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over-
from screwing the maid.

So with canopies open
and heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief;

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor --
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod" - Quite a force!
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled,
Were headed out east,
But the gunners are hosing
Eighty-fives at our beast!

"Why the hell should they hate me?"
I cried in dismay,
"I'm egressing, you bastards,
So play it my way!"

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit;
And I know there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed,
Did we drop the whole load
On the cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode!

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
"Eat your heart out, you bitch,
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET.

But "twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red -
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July!
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four
Broke down, left, then right -
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

"Well ol' buddy," my number one
GIB says to me,
"it looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee."

"And with your goddamn luck"
We should punch out at ten -
so the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

For I just know goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night!

"And I want you to know"
He hastened to add,
That in case we don't make it -
Please don't get mad!

It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work -
I told you that twice,
you dumb fuckin' jerk!

A tank didn't feed;
The doppler was short;
(you said) we'll get our counter -
No matter what!

"Well, you've got your first counter -
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!
Was the word of the day;
So we punched, not at ten,
But at two, so they say.....

O'reilly's Daughter

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind --
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

CHORUS: Fiddley-I-Eeee, Fiddley-I-Oh,
Fiddley-I-Eeee, for the one-ball Reilly;
Rig Jig Jig, Balls and all
Rub a dub bub Shag all!

There came a knock upon the door;
Who should it be but her Goddamn father?
Two horse pistols in his hand,
Looking for the guy that shagged his daughter CHORUS

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight further than I shagged his daughter. CHORUS

Our Outhouse

Please don't burn our shit-house down,
Mother has promised to pay
Father's away on the ocean wave,
Kate's in the family way,
Brother, dear has gonorrhea,
Times is fucking hard,
So please don't burn our shit-house down,
Or we'll have to shit in the yard.

Phan Rang Blues

Let me tell you a tale of the South China Sea;
Of a base known as Phan Rang where whiskey flows free.
It's called Happy Valley by those in command -
It's really the cess-pool of South Vietnam.
There's fuck-all to do so you drink, sleep and fly,
The food ain't worth eating so very few try.
And the 35th Wing, which rules all alone
Is as fucked-up as anything you've ever known.

What a horrible base,
It's a fucking disgrace.

The water supplied us is all full of grit

It smells like a garbage can stuffed full of shit.

What a horrible base.

We've been infiltrated by Training Command
They're not fighter pilots, they don't understand.
We're so regulated whenever we fly
That Mustang will even decide how you die.
You don't make decisions, we have something new
They're called Instant Experts who know what to do.
They get sixty hours at Cannon or Luke
And their stupid instructions make fighter jocks puke.

I have been here to long -

I can't tell right from wrong.

This base ain't worth saving, it's so fucking bad

The worst damn assignment that I've ever had

I have been here too long.

We get lots of screwin', but never with love
The fucking we get is passed down from above.
We aren't allowed acro or rat-racing here
The flying we do is a shitty affair.
It's straight to the target, then straight back to base
To bank more than thirty degrees means disgrace.
You're grounded and pounded down into the grit
And the whole base is told you're a dumb fucking shit.

Give Phan Rang to the Cong,

Here is where they belong.

If I ever leave here I'm not coming back

I'm sure there are less rules to live by in SAC.

Give Phan Rang to the Cong.

The poor Base Commander is losing his mind
And with both hands searching, his ass he can't find.
He's taken up drinking, his nerves are all shot
The coffee is cold and the Kool-Aid is hot.
The fuel farm is leaking, the water tanks too
If we're hit by mortars this damn base is through.
No one can defend us, we all live in fear
That we won't survive to go home in a year.
Why the hell are we here?
Living on whiskey and beer
The 35th Wing had such poor B.D.A.
They sent in the Aussie's to show them the way.
Why the hell are we here?

Pilots Always Eat Pussy

There once were three men from Birmingham
And this is the story concerning them.
They lifted the frock and tickled the cock of the Bishop
While he was confirming them.

CHORUS: Ay Ay Ay Ay
Pilots always eat Pussy
So sing us another verse
That's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willie

Now the Bishop was nobody's fool
He'd attended a large public school
So he pulled down his britches and buggered those bitches
With his ten inch Episcopal tool

There once was a girl from Azores,
Whose body was covered with sores
The dogs in the street would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a girl named Annie,
Who buggered an ape in a tree,
The result was horrid, all ass and no forid,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a girl named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice,
They found her vagina in North Carolina,
And part of her asshole in Dallas.

There once was a young man from Boston,
Who bought a very small Austin,
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost them.

There was a young man from Bombay,
Who molded a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick turned the clay into brick
And tore all his foreskin away.

There was a young hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave,
He said "I'll be the first to admin, that I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save.

There was a young man named Cass,
Whose balls were made of spun glass
When they clanked together, they played stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a girl from France,

Who boarded a train by chance,
The engineer fucked her, so did the conductor,
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a girl named Gail,
Between her tits was the price of her tail,
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

There was once an old lady from Wheeling,
Who had a peculiar feeling,
She would lay on her back, and tickle her crack,
And piss all over the ceiling.

There was an old man from Kent
Whose prick was so long it bent,
To save himself trouble he put it in double,
And instead of coming he went.

There was an old maid from Whooster,
Who dreamp't that a man had seduced her,
But when she awoke it was only a joke,
A spring in the bed had goosed her.

There was a young girl from Peru,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
The Vical is quicker, he's also a licker,
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young man from St. Clair,
Who boogered his wife on the stair,
The banister broke so he doubled his stroke,
And finished her off in the air.

There once was a lesbian named June
Who took a young queer to her room
They argued all night as to who had the right
to do what, and with which, to whom.

There once was a young girl named Myrtle.
Who was raped on the bench by a turtle,
The result of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a mathematician named Hall,
Who had a hexahydronical ball,
The cube of it's weight, times his pecker plus eight
Was 4/8 of 5/8 of fuck all.

Prang 'Em All

There's a courier leaving old Atchem today
It's bound for Wharton they say
Heavily laden with browned-off young men
All hoping for posting some day.
They all think they're ops types
They're keen as can be
To get a Fooke Wulf in their sights
They're experts at groaning
At pissing and moaning
And everyone just loves to gripe

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
The needle, the airspeed, the ball
Prang the instructors who taught us to fly
They sent us up solo and left us to die
And if ever your aircraft should stall
You're in for one Hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, Prang 'em all
As into the cockpit you crawl
Prang all the harness that fastens you in
Then prang that damn Wasp and it's bastardly din.
For you loop and you roll and you dive
Until you're more dead than alive
No future in flying unless you like dying
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, Prang 'em all
No more free mistakes they all bawl
Close up the range, shove it up Jerries ass
Then press the old tit, fill his guts full of gas
For we've studied each morn, noon and night
How the hardest damn part of the fight
Isn't flying and fighting, it's reading and writing
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, Prang 'em all
The Mustangs the T-bolts and all
Prang all the lightenings the spitfires as well
As for the Masters, they come straight from hell
That abortion-like son of a bitch
You can shove up your ass in fine pitch
All fabric and plywood, it's no fucking damn good
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, Prang 'em all
In a ditch or a hedge or a wall
Prang all the Masters, the Mustangs and 'Bolts
We'll give the boys down at Ajax some jolts
If you're browned off just round off too high

Of aircraft we'll clear shropshires sky
We'll make some scrap metal to put in the kettle
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Pop Goes The Weasel

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Rio Rio Rio

Rio Rio Rio, Lordy how I feel
Fresh from a whore house, Prick full of steel
That's my organ grinder.
Laid her in the farther hall
Spread her ass from wall to wall
Shoved it up into her gall
With my old organ grinder.

Fucked her in her father's bed
Shoved it up into her head
Fucked that girl 'til she was dead
With my old organ grinder
Followed her to the burial ground
Just to go another round
Fucked as they lowered her down
With my old organ grinder.

Some folks said I am a knave, said I don't behave
Cause I jacked-off on her grave
With my old organ grinder.

Ring Dang Doo

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh, she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring dang doo.

A ring dang doo; pray what is that?
It's soft and fuzzy like a pussy cat.
It's covered with fur and split in two
That's what you call a ring dang doo.

She took me down into her cellar,
She told me I was a damn nice feller,
She gave me wine and whiskey too,
And let me play with her ring dang doo.

She took me up into her bed, and
She placed a pillow beneath my head.
And then she took my hicky-floo,
And placed it in her ring dang doo.

Her mother said you old damn fool
You've gone and broke the rule.
Now pack your bags and suitcase too,
And go to hell with your ring dang doo.

She moved to the city and became a whore,
And nailed this sign upon her door,
A dollar down or less will do
For the private use of my ring dang doo.

Now many came; and many went,
The price went down to fifty cents,
Then came a man I know not who,
But he sure played hell with her ring dang doo.

They hung her tits 'n the city hall,
They pickled her ass in alchol,
Now all you pilots and airmen too,
You've heard my tale of the ring dang doo.

Roll Your Leg Over

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like waves in the ocean,
And I were the wind and I'd show them some motion.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like flowers in the springtime,
And I were a bee and I'd pluck them all daytime.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like sheep in the clover,
And I were a ram and I'd ram them all over.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull and I'd make them run faster.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them the motion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, If all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour.

Oh, If all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh, If all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixons
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I'd chase them all over.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens.

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtly I'd get in their girdles.

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see.

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could.

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

If all little girls were like bats in the steeple
And I were a bat, There'd be more bats than people.

Oh, if all little girls were like diamonds and rubbies
And I were a jewler I'd polish their boobies.

Russian National Anthem

Pissonya, Pissonya, Pissonya, Pissonya
In Russian that means that I love you.
If I had my way, I'd Pissonya all day
For in Russian that means that I love you.

CHORUS: Aie, Aie, Aie
I've got crabs in my moustache,
If I had my way I'd scratch them all day,
For I've got crabs in my moustache.

Shittonya, Shittonya, Shittonya, Shittonya
In Russian that means that we'll marry.
If I had my way I'd Shittonya all day,
For in Russian that means that we'll marry.

CHORUS

Layonya, Layonya, Layonya, Layonya
In Russian that means we'll have children.
If I had my way I'd Layonya all day,
For in Russian that means we'll have children.

CHORUS

Sally In The Alley

Salley in the alley, siftin' cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a
man

The wind from her bloomers broke six
Windows

The cheeks of her ass went
Blam! Blam! Blam!

(Everybody hits something with their
hands as you say Blam!)

Salome

Down our street we had a little party
Everyone there was on so hale and hearty
Talk about a treat
Raffle off the meat
And the booze all flowed down the street.

Old Pa Jim was fair fucked up
Put him in the cellar with the old bull pup
Little Sunny Jim
Tryin' to get it in
With his asshole winking' at the moon.

She's a great big gal
She's twice the size of me
Got hairs on her belly like branches on a tree
She can run, jump, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck,
That's my gal, Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up her crack
Tuesday night she hauls in slack
Wednesday night she has a little spell
And Thursday night she fucks like hell
On Friday night she takes it up her nose,
In between her fingers
and down between her toes.
Saturday night she has a little rest
And goes to Church on Sunday
Singing --- Jesus wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking good sunbeam I will be.

Sammy Small (S. E. A. Style)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all,
Oh we fly the Dad Damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all.

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all,
Oh they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to jink
L.B.J.'s a God Damn fink
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J.C.S.,
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we strafed God Damn Hanoi
Killed every fucking girl and boy
What a God Damn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all

Sammy Small (S. E. A. Style)

Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So fuck 'em all.

Sammy Small

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck you all
Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck you all
Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all, fuck you all.

Oh they say I killed a man, fuck you all
Oh they say I killed a man, fuck you all
Oh they say I killed him dead
with a piece of fucking lead
Now that silly bastard's dead, fuck you all.

Oh they say I'm gonna swing, fuck you all
Oh they say I'm gonna swing, fuck you all
Oh they say I'm gonna swing
from a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing, fuck you all.

Oh they say I greased the rope, fuck you all.
Oh they say I greased the rope, fuck you all
Oh they say I greased the rope
with a piece of fucking soap
What a silly fucking joke, fuck you all.

Oh the parson he will come, fuck you all.
Oh the parson he will come, fuck you all
Oh the parson he will come
with his songs of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his dung, fuck you all.

Oh the sheriff will be there too, fuck you all
Oh the sheriff will be there too, fuck you all
Oh the sheriff will be there too

With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, fuck you all.

(SOFTLY)

I say Molly in the crowd fuck you all
I say Molly in the crowd, fuck you all
I say Molly in the crowd
and she looked so goddamned proud
(STRONGLY,
That I shouted right out loud,
GO FUCK Y'U ALL

Six Pounds Of Stools

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier
An old used cendrum is a glass of beer
A war hat twitches like a mooses ear
These are the things I love

A dirty whore stro'ling down the street
A bloody ho' in the rumbleseat
I love my poontang bu. I beat my meat
These are the things I love

Spanish guitar

On the first port of call it was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we made them

CHORUS Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a Spanish guitar Plink-plink-plink
Singing hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy
Sideways swish-swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Suck-sag fuck-stick
Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a Spanish Guitar, Plink plink-plink

The next port of call it was Boston, Boston
here I screwed a girl named Austin

. The next port of call it was Malta, Malta
Where g *ss wouldn't screw but they ought ta

The Ball At Karried Mair

There was a ball, a bloody great ball
The ball at Karried Mair
Four and twenty whores
Came down from Avil Moor

CHORUS: Singing Hie di ye last night, Hie di ye noo
The man that did ye last night, canner do ye noo

Twas the gathering of the clan
And all the lads were there
A grabbin' all the lassies
and friggin' without a care
CHORUS

Oh there was friggin' in the hay loft
and friggin' in the ricks
You couldna' hear the music for
The swishin' of the pricks
CHORUS

There was friggin' in the parlours
And friggin' on the stairs
You couldna' see the carpets for
The cunts and curly hairs
CHORUS

The elders of the Kirk were there
And they were shocked to see
Four and twenty maidenheads
A'Hangin' from a tree
CHORUS

The village cobbler he was here
With his hammer and awls
A'Talkin' to his lady friends
And showin' off his balls
CHORUS

The farmers wife and she was there
Was A'Sittin' down in front
A ring of roses in her hair
And a carrot up her cunt

The village idiot he was there
A makin' like a fool
By puilin' his foreskin over his head
And whistling thru his tool
CHORUS

The King was in his counting house
Counting up his wealth
The queen was in her bedroom
A'diddlin' with herself
CHORUS

The bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum
Was the entrance to the womb
CHORUS

Plowin' Jock and he was there
The bugger wouldn't dance
Sittin' with a hard on
And a'waitin' for his chance
CHORUS

The fiery Colonel he was there
He fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table
And he shouted for the whores
CHORUS

The village cripple he was there
He couldn't do very much
So he laid them on the carpet
And frigged them with his crutch
CHORUS

The vicars wife and she was there
She kept them all in fits
By jumpin' off the mantlepiece
And bouncin' on her tits
CHORUS

The village smithy he was there
He wouldn't play the game
He frigged a lassie fourteen times
Before he finally came
CHORUS

The village postman he was there
He had a dose of pox
He couldn't frig his lassie
So he frigged the letterbox
CHORUS

And when the ball was over
And the folk went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music
But the friggin' was the best
CHORUS

The Bastard King Of England

Oh the minstrels sing of an English King
Of a thousand years ago
Who ruled the land with an iron hand
Though his mind was weak and low
He loved to hunt the royal stag
That roamed the royal wood
But he also was exceeding fond
Of pulling the royal pud.

The only thing he ever wore
Was one old dirty shirt
And this he wore to hide the skin
Which scarce could hide the dirt
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees
All hail the Bastard King of England.

The Queen of Spain was a spritely dame
A spritely dame was she
Who loved to fool with the royal tool
Of the King across the sea
So she sent a royal message
By a royal messenger
To invite the King of England
To spend a week with her.

King Phillip of France, he shit his pants
And swore before the court
Me-thinks the Queen's avoiding me
Because my horn is short
So he sent the Count of Zippity-Zap
To give the Queen a dose of clap
All hail the Bastard King of England.

When news of this reached Londons halls
King William, he did roar
And swore he'd have King Phillip's balls
To even up the score.
So he offered half his kingdom
And a crack at fair Hortense
To any dirty son of a bitch
Who'd nut the King of France

Up rose the Duke of Essex
And he straight-way made for France
He swore he was a fruiter
And the King took down his pants
He tied a thong 'round Phillips dong
And on his steed he galloped along
Back to the merry halls of England

The King threw up his breakfast
And he shit upon the floor
For during the ride King Phillips pride
Had stretched a yard or more
The ladies of the court
All shook their teats in fiendish glee
For during the ride King Phillips pride
Had stretched to forty three.
And all the whores in London town
They cried to Hell with the British Crown
To Hell, with the Bastard King of England.

The Bloody Great Kidney Wiper

She wrote to him a letter, and on it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my good lord far away.

CHORUS: With his bloody great kidney wiper, his balls as big as three,
and half a yard of foreskin hanging down below his knee.
Hanging down-swinging free
Hanging low--bloody great prick
With his half a yard of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

He strode into the kitchen, he strode into the hall,
Good heavens cried the butler he's come to fuck us all.CHORUS

He jumped upon his charger, and homeward he did ride,
With his tool across the saddle and a ball on either side. . . . CHORUS

The Four Bastards

I'm a Democratic figure in those autocratic States
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits
As the daughter of the bakers baked the most delicious breads,
As the sons of Casanova filled the most exclusive beds
As the Roosevelts and Barrymores--and others I could name
Inherited their talents which perpetuate their fame
My position in the structure of Society I owe,
To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
Now my father was a traveling man and musical to boot
He used to play piano in a House of ill-repute
Where the Madam was a lady and a credit to her cult
She enjoyed my Daddy's playing and I was the result
So my Mammy and my Pappy are the ones I have to thank
That I grew up to be President of the City National Bank.

In a cozy little farmhouse in a cozy little dell
A dear old fashioned father and his daughter used to dwell
She was sweet, she was gentle, she was tender, she was mild

But her sympathies were such that she was frequently with chil
Now the hired man was favorite with the gal's in Mammy's set
And the traveling man from Scranton was an even-money bet.
For such were mommy's morals -- and such was her allure
That even Roger Babson wasn't very sure.
When she was feeling gloomy I could always make her grin
By childishly inquiring who my pappy might have been.
So I took my mammy's morals and I took my pappy's crust,
And they appointed me head of a huge investment trust.

In a cozy little chain gang on a dusty southern road
My late lamented pappy has his permanent abode
Now some were there for stealing, but my pappy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault
His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,
Seduction is for sissies, but a He-man has his rape.
And the pappy's lis of victims was incredibly rich
And mammy she was one of them, he'd never tell me which.
Now I never went to college, but I got me a degree
I reckon I'm the model of a perfect SOB
I'm a debit to my country, but I'm a credit to my dad
I'm the most expensive Senator this nation ever had.

I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits,
As the daughters of policemen have the largest feet
As the daughter of the floozie has a wiggle to her seat
My position at the bottom of society I owe
To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago
Now my father he was a married man and what is even more
He was married to my Mother, a fact which I deplore
I was born in Holy wedlock, consequently by -- and by,
I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye
I invested, I deposited, I voted every fal ---
And if I had a nickel the bastards took it all.
But at last I've learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track
I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.

The Little Bird

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd
A sitten on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a pack
as he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

The Long Bomba Di

I am a gay cabellero,
On my way to Rio Janero
And taking with me, my long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I went to a fine tiato,
An exceedingly fine tiato.
And taking with me my long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I met a gay senorita,
An exceedingly gay senorita,
Who wanted to see my long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

We sat on a soft sofita,
An exceedingly soft sofita.
And I showed her the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

And from this gay senorita,
I caught a case of clapita.
Right on the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And on one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I went to a fine medico
An exceedingly fine medico,
I showed him the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

He took a sharp stiletto,
An exceedingly sharp stiletto,
And cut off the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

Now I am a sad cabellero,
Returning from Rio Janeiro
Minus the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

The Portions Of A Woman

The portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomenas,
Of various experimental dames,
And have listed the components of these womanly phenomena,
And given them most charming Latin names.

There's the clitoris, the vagina, the vulva, perineum,
And the hymen in the case of certain brides,

Dolightful small devices you would love if you could see 'em,
There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then, that when we poor men chatter,
Upon the things to which I have referred,
We use for what is really a most complicated matter,
Such a short and unattractive little word.

The River Ran Red

(Tune: The good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more,

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe.
There were some who turned around, when they heard that
awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh, it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat First Verse)

The Scotch Wedding

Oh, the King was in the counting house, a counting out his wealth.
The Queen was in the bedroom, a playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing I did it last night;
I did it now;
The man that had you last night,
Cannot have you now!

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb. . . . CHORU

Oh, the parson's wife, oh, she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses 'round her neck, and a carrot up her cunt. . . . CHORU

Oh, the parson's daughter, oh, she was there, she had them all in ruts
Diving from the mantelpiece and landing on her tits CHORU

Oh, the village idiot, he was there, a seated by the fire,
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself, with an India rubber tire, . . CHORU

There was fucking in the hayloft, fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music, for the swishing of the pricks. . .CHORUS

Oh, the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see,
Four and twenty maiden heads, a hanging from a tree. CHORUS

There was fucking in the hallways, fucking on the stairs,
You could not see the carpet, for the come and curly hairs. . . .CHORUS

The Starting Of The Beauforts

(Ausse-circa 1943)

Now the starting of the Beaufort is a most peculiar art
he easier how much you prime the bitch the best she'll do is fart
And early in the morning when the dew is on the grass
you might as well just shove the pump up Pratt and Whitney's arse.

Cho. D.M., D.O. everybody come,
Come and watch the Beaufort boys a sitting on their bums
Trying to start their engines, amid the mighty roar
Of the liberators that were started long before.

Some enthusiastic engineers and airmen of the course
Have often found to their dismay and sometimes their remorse
That to over prime the Beaufort constitutes a mild dilemma
And has about the same effect as a misdirected enema.

The line up of the Beauforts is a most impressive sight
It's enough to make old ToJo shit himself with fright
But when he sees them sitting there a couple of hours after
He'll quickly change from shitting and he'll piss himself with
laugh er.

We think the whole procedure is a silly fucking bluff
You can take your little book of words and shove it up your buff
We've come to the conclusion that the way to start the bitch
Is to hook it to a tractor and then tow it in high pitch.

The Thanh Hoa Bridge

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty
grime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack
of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says,
I suppose
you're a trained killer by the looks
of your clothes.
Well I looked him up once and I looked
him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't
thinkin' nice,
So I said in a voice that shook with
the fear,
I'm your man if you buy the beer.

The Colonel then said, "I've a place
in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind,
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up
in twine,
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn
my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief
shout,
The oil pressure's low, the water
don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded
mer.
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out
on course.
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.

But Lion is down and Invert won't say,
and Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for
the best,

Those bastards don't know the East
from the West.

Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look
for the bridge,

They said it was South but it's East
of the ridge.

I roll in on my run, it looks easy
as pie,

'Til the flak starts burstin' and
coverin' the sky.

I cooly compute all the mils I will need
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.

I check my drift and with the bridge
in my sight,

I mash on the button and pull off
to the right,

Well I check back at six and I see
this big bird,

He's a closing in fast and he's sure
riding herd.

As he flashes by there's a Red Star
on each side,

It must be a MIG and there's no place
to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's
got,

When along comes this SAM-my God
I've been shot!

While driftin' down in my chute
all alone

I'm finally convinced that I'm no
"smokin' stone".

I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas
right now

With a face-full of horseshit, my
hand on the plow

But that ain't so and I'm down in
the drink

A day like today can sure make a man
think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge

They've flak and missiles, you're
some sittin' duck

At downing good pilots they've had
lots of luck.

The Tinker

A Dutchess was a-dressing for a ball,
When she spied a tinker, pissing against a wall,

CHORUS: With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his bollocks swinging free,
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.

The Dutchess wrote a letter, and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day,"

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed,

He jumped upon his charger, to the castle he did ride,
With his bollocks on his shoulder, and his prick coiled by his side.

He fucked 'em in the kitchen, he fucked 'em in the hall,
But he back-scuttled the butler, 'twas the dirtiest fuck of all.

And last he fucked the lady, against her bedroom door,
But judging by the size of her cunt, he thought she'd been a whore.

He mounted on his charger and rode off down the street,
While little drops of semen pittered pattered at his feet.

And now the tinkers dead, Sir, some say he's gone to hell,
If he has he'll fuck the Devil, and I know he'll fuck him well.

The West Virginia Hills

Once there was a maiden, they called her Nancy Brown
She was the cutest maiden, in country or town.
Along came a deacon, a seeking for a thrill
He took our little Nancy, and went up in the hills.

And she came rolling down the mountains, rolling down the mountains
Rolling down the mountains mighty wise
For the old and crafty deacon didn't get what he was seeking
And she's pure as the West Virginia skies.

Along came a cowboy, with his chaps and spurs and frills
He took our little Nancy a way up to the hill
But she came rolling down the mountain, mighty wise
For in spite of the cowboy's urging, she remained a simple virgin
Just as pure as the West Virginia skies.

Along came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills
He took our little Nancy in his Packard to the hills,
And she stayed up on the mountain all that night.
When she came down the next morning early, more a woman than a girlie
And to Hell with the West Virginia skies.

Now she's living in the city, living in the city
Living in the city mighty swell
And she's pushing a baby carriage, and comtemplating marriage
And the West Virginia skies can go to hell.

Along came old depression, kicked the slicker in the pants
Took all his possessions, including little Nancy.
Now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia,
Back in West Virginia as of youre.
And the cowboy and the deacon, they're getting what they're seeking
And she's known as the West Virginia Whore.

Three Whores From Canada Junction

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of brandy and wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunts no bigger than mine.

CHORUS: Roly poly tickle my holey
Slippery slimey slue
Rattle your nuts across my guts
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in and the birds fly out
And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
And didn't come out till June.

Tuff Shitsky

(Tune: That's A'Mor'e)

When you set in the fix
And it's old Package Six
That's Tuff shitsky.

When then MIG call is on
And your radar is gone
That's tuff shitsky.

When the MIGS are behind
What a hell of a bind
That's tuff shitsky.

Then you hear from your wing
"Can't help with this thing"
Tha :'s tuff shitsky.

Then you know the best poop
Is a great big fat loop
That's tuff shitsky.

When you see a big SAM
And it looks like a ram
That's tuff shitsky.

When your over the top
And you hear a loud pop
That's tuff shitsky.

On your way to the ground
You will hear this from "Crown"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We are already late
And we all have a date"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We must be on our way
So, that's all for today"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We will come back tomorrow
Till then, tears and sorrow"
Tuff Shitsky!

"But we have to go back
Now to joust in the sack"
It's Tuff shitsky!

Tura Lyura Lyany

CHORUS:

Sing Tura Lyura Lyany
Sing Tura Lyura Lyany
Sing Tura Lyura Lyany Lyany
Sing Tura Lyara Ly ai

The sexual life of the camel
is stranger than anyone thinks
He spends his amorous moments
attempting to bugger the Sphinx
CHORUS

Now the Sphinx's posterier office
Is closed by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS

Extensive experimentation
By Addison, Huxley and Hall
Conclusively proved that the woodchuck
Could never be buggered at all.

CHORUS

But here's to the lads down at Harvard
And here's to the queers down at Yale
Who effectively buggered the woodchuck
By removing the spines from his tail
CHORUS

Uncle George & Auntie Mabel

Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Uncle George & Auntie Mabel, fainted at
the breakfast table,
This should be sufficient warning,
never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now
they do it every night,
Uncle George is hoping soon, to do
it in the afternoon.

A.....men.

We've Been Working on The Railroad

We've been working on the railroad
Every fucking day.
We've been working on the railroad,
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
No rolling stock or switches,
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh
Only 99 more to go.

Why Did I Join The Air Force

Oh, the "T-Jet's" a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin.
It cruises well over one-fifty
The ship with the headwind built in.

CHORUS: Oh, why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear mother knew best
Here I lie "neath the wreckage
A "T-Jet" all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission,
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money,
Ten to one you will never return.

CHORUS

Now when you are out on a mission,
A Messerschmidt makes a fine pass;
Reach up, grab hold of the rip cord,
To Hell with the ship, save your ass!

Woodpecker Song

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replace my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The woodpecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,
revolve it

I received my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting.

You'll Never Mind

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
Just fly around all day
While others work and study
And soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
And you will never mind

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind

Come and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
If you're an Air Force flier
And when you get to General, you will
Surly find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it
And with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in
But you will never care

For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit
But you will never mind

While flying the Pacific
You hear the engine spit
You watch the tach come to a stop
The God Damn thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim
The shore is far behind
Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish
But you will never mind

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
And that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, Jack
And if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself
Cause I will shit and git

And if some wily MIG 21
Should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
And call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
And pretty soon you'll find
There is no Hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

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